A Fever All Through The Night

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A Fever All Through The Night

by Doctor_Briarwood

Summary

"So, you figured you'd bring him here?"

Vincent twitched uncomfortably, leaning his head against the demon beside him. Everything was uncomfortable. His skin was burning up beneath his clothes, and, inside his head, a relentless drumming kept the beat of his racing heart. He'd never felt so out-of-sorts in his entire life.

So out-of-sorts, he was having trouble coaxing full sentences out of his ridiculous glass mouth.

"Al?" he mumbled weakly, turning his face against the red coat. Fuck, he was burning up. "I'm hot."

"Yes, Vincent. I know." A warm hand wrapped around his shoulder, pulling him in just a little closer. The scent of whiskey lingered on his sleeve where he had spilled it the night before and Vincent breathed in as much of the scent as he could. "I'm handling it."

"Okay."

Notes

Content warnings at the end.

See the end of the work for more notes

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“Rosie, please, I –”

“No need to *beg*.” Vincent heard a chuckle above him followed by a rustle of fabric. He turned his head just enough to find Rosie kneeling in front of him, at his level. She brushed her hand against the side of his head and a bright burst of heat shot through him.

“Oh, fuck…”

His knees threatened to buckle.

“I didn’t say I wouldn’t help,” Rosie replied with a laugh. “Look at him – how can I say no?”

“I’m staying with him,” Alastor warned quickly. “He’s not leaving my sight.”

Vincent followed Rosie’s hand away from the demon he was clutching, trying to sniff out the subtle change in the air. Oh, she smelled *very* different. There was the usual floral scent of her, a twinge of blood just beneath, but now there was a deep heaviness to her scent, a musk that was irresistible. He crept close enough to take a deeper breath, pull the smell of her inside him, and barely noticed her hands wrapping around his waist.

“You can’t claim him.”

Vincent blinked as Rosie’s smile grew a little sharper.

“You want me to help him through a mating cycle but *not* claim him?” she asked. “That’s a rather… *unreasonable* request, don’t you think?”

Alastor's muted scent swept up behind him once more, close and warm.

"I mean it, Rosie. I'll take him back home and do everything myself if I have to – he's not going to be claimed during his first heat."

"Claimed?" Vincent murmured. Rosie's fingers tightened on his waist, pulling him forward a step and his head tilted up with a gasp. There was something hot against his neck, her breath on his skin, and Vincent's hands flew down to wrap around Rosie's wrists with a whine. Fuck, he *wanted*…

Then, it was gone.

"Oh, hush. Of course, I'm not going to claim him." One of her hands left his waist and a single sharp fingernail tapped his throat. "I've got more than enough Omegas to deal with here without taking in another one."

"Please?"

He wasn't sure what he was asking for, what he *wanted*, besides someone to *do* something about this infernal heat blazing away inside him. He reached up to catch her hand, just to touch, to draw it where he needed it most, but…

"No." Rosie sighed, shaking him off, and caught the bottom of his screen. She pulled his head down to look him in the eyes, her expression softening. "Gotta admit, sugar, you are cute enough to make me reconsider."

A rush of hot fluid began to run down his leg, only giving Vincent enough time to look down in horror as it did.

"What…?"

The world tipped precariously, spinning around him in a swirl of too-pinks and whites and reds, and Vincent clung to the arms that lifted him in the air. It only lasted a moment, a single dizzy moment, until he was pressed against Alastor's chest. Which should be *humiliating*, being held in someone's arms like a child, but he could barely think.

"We're going upstairs," Alastor declared, his arm bracing itself behind Vincent's legs. The movement, the sudden pressure pining him in place, even just so that Alastor could carry him better, sent another flare of heat through him. He couldn't stop himself from rocking his hips forward with another pathetic whine and clinging to Alastor's shoulders. "He can't stay out in the open like this."

"Well, you know where the guest bedroom is," Rosie replied, a bit of laughter still in her voice. "Get him settled in – I'll be up shortly."

The climb up the stairs was rougher than it had any right to be and by the time they reached the guestroom, Vincent was rocking in Alastor's arms, blindly and desperately trying to get any kind of relief he could. Forget what he said before - *this* was fucking humiliating, the

fucking *sounds* coming out of him, even if he couldn't control himself.

"Ah, *fuck*," he gritted out, pressing his palms to his face as Alastor set him on the bed. That should've been better, not having the temptation of Alastor pressed against him, but any friction was gone and he was left with nothing to grind against. "Al, please. I don't – please, I don't know what I'm… what am I supposed to do?"

"I'm sorry," Alastor muttered. Nimble hands caught the bottom of his sweater vest and swept it up over his head before he could react. Vincent tried to grab the other man's fingers, missed, and began to curse anew. That seemed to help. "I know this is terrible, my dear, but we'll get through this together. All right? You and me, pal."

"Pal?"

Pal? *Pal?*

How were they supposed to be *pals* when Alastor had just carried him up a flight of stairs while Vincent whimpered and dry humped him the entire way up?

"We'll talk about everything when you're feeling better," Alastor promised, helping him push his trousers down past his hips. Shit! Vincent groaned helplessly and reached down to wrap his fingers around his erection. It didn't help. "I'm so sorry, I should've anticipated this. I just didn't think that –"

"Unloading your guilt, Alastor?"

Vincent's head whipped to the side as Rosie walked into the room. Rosie. He needed *Rosie*. Not Alastor who wouldn't stop *talking* and *touch* him like he needed.

"Well? You can at least help him a little bit," Rosie said, eyeing Vincent with a smirk. He couldn't even be offended – he probably looked like an idiot, trying to grab Alastor's hand while humping the air. "Prep him or help him through the first one, Alastor."

"The first – *Alastor!*"

His trousers disappeared entirely and Vincent had only a moment before he felt his legs pushed apart, Alastor sinking down between them. Oh. Oh, if *Alastor* wanted him, he could have him, he changed his mind entirely about Rosie.

"Tell me if you'd like to stop, Vincent."

Like didn't really seem as though it was a factor in this.

"Just… *f-zxx-uck!*"

Slick fingers pressed against him, moving in a tentative circle. The breath left his body entirely as he stared up at the ceiling unblinkingly.

Alastor was *touching* him.

“Please,” he whispered, canting his hips toward the Overlord and being rewarded with two fingers sinking into him much easier than they should have been able to. Had Alastor poured an entire bottle of lube on his fingers? He hadn’t seen –

No. Nope. He was in heat, right? He was doing that all on his own.

“Oh… fuck…”

He closed his eyes and let himself drift as the sensation of being filled started to settle some of the burning inside him. It wasn’t enough, it wasn’t *nearly* enough, but it was the first drop of relief he’d had in hours, and it was *Alastor*. Oh, god, it was Alastor. Alastor’s fingers inside him, moving tentatively, not touching any part of him that would actually help, but stretching him and filling him –

It was so ridiculously erotic he might scream.

Well.

He had the impression he was going to be screaming a lot for a while anyways.

Vincent squeezed his fingers into the sheets beside him and tried to focus on breathing again, even as Alastor’s weight shifted, settled over him, perfectly possessive. Vincent gasped.

He could die again, like this. Just like this, with Alastor pressing him down, moving inside him, and then Alastor’s mouth was by the side of his head.

“You’re being a *very* good boy, Vincent.”

Sparks erupted over his skin, the scent of ozone blocking out anything else. There wasn’t time to open his eyes, and he could barely stop the choked scream that tore itself from his throat as his body locked up beneath Alastor’s. Dimly, he could feel Alastor’s other hand wrap around the side of his head, cradling him closely as he rode out the most intense orgasm of his entire existence. Until now, at least. Alastor continued murmuring some gentle nonsense against his head that Vincent didn’t understand as he struggled to make sense of what just happened.

“Well, he certainly liked *that*,” Rosie laughed. He let out a sob as his joints finally loosened and let him sag against the bed, trying not to read too much into the fact that Alastor was nuzzling him. “Look at how protective you’re being, Alastor. Are you sure you aren’t secretly an Alpha?”

“I’d have claimed him for myself by now,” Alastor murmured, his fingers slipping from Vox and leaving an ache behind them. He tried to shake his head in protest. “Do you really think I’d let anyone else touch him? Even you?”

“Now, don’t be silly and get all possessive.” A weight settled on the bed near Vincent’s head,

and he whimpered as Alastor moved away from him, sitting up. “You know he needs an Alpha right now and, honeybun, as fond of him as you are, you know you just aren’t going to help him the way he needs right now.”

But Rosie sure could.

He barely had time to process the fact that he was being moved again, lifted without his input, before he was spun around to face Rosie. He realized he was straddling her lap when his knees settled on either side of her, his socked feet balancing precariously on her very pretty rose and ivy patterned quilt.

“Hi,” he breathed, resting his hands on her shoulders. Rosie grinned.

“Hello, there.” Vincent whimpered helplessly when he felt something press against him that was considerably thicker than Alastor’s fingers. His breath hitched and Rosie laughed. “Keep breathing, sweetie.”

He did his best, he really did. Tried to keep breathing while Rosie bounced him on her lap and made him come within minutes. Tried to keep breathing when she dropped him onto his back, pressed his legs up to his chest, and fucked him hard enough to rattle the teeth in his head. He even tried to keep breathing when she flipped him like a pancake, pressed his face into the mattress with one hand, and held his hips in place with the other.

By the fifth time, Vincent sobbed incoherently while he clung to Rosie’s shoulders, back in her lap, wondering if it would *ever* be over. Was he going to be fucked for the rest of eternity – was *this* his punishment for a less than virtuous life?

But the heat dialed down with each orgasm, so it *had* to be helping.

He fumbled his hand up to his face, trying to brush his tears away.

“Al,” he groaned miserably. “Hell is terrible.”

Rosie laughed delightedly and let him rest for a moment, pausing long enough to give him an affectionate kiss on top of his head. Then she took enough pity on him to turn him back around, letting him face Alastor. His breath caught in his throat and his hands reached out before he could stop himself.

“There now,” Rosie breathed against the back of his head. “I think you’re over the worst of it. Do you want Alastor to help you through this last one before you rest?”

Oh, he *did*. He wanted nothing *but* Alastor, even if every instinct in his body was screaming that Rosie needed to mate him fully, needed to bite the scent gland on his neck that would make him entirely hers.

He wanted to belong to Alastor.

“Al?”

Alastor didn't say anything but moved in close, taking a moment to study Vincent's face before his hand dropped to the Omega's waist. There was another embarrassing rush of fluid between his legs and Vincent's lips parted in invitation.

"Touch me?" Alastor's fingers instantly wrapped around his cock, forcing a squeal of electronic feedback from Vincent's speakers. "Holy shit!"

"Nothing holy here, lovebug."

Rosie resumed fucking him while Alastor's hand moved over him. It was perfect and awful, and it was all he could to try to stay upright without slumping completely into either of their arms.

"Tell him how good he's doing," Rosie prompted as Alastor's fingers slipped over his cock, hot and tight and not quite enough.

"Very good," Alastor agreed. "He's doing *so* good. Of course he is. You do *everything* well. Don't you, Vincent?"

His mouth pressed to Vincent's, tongue slipping inside and gliding along the back of Vincent's teeth. Fuck, that feel amazing. He moaned and let his mouth open more. He wanted as much of Alastor inside of him as he could get. As much as he could tempt Alastor to give him.

"More," he groaned when he finally had enough air to breathe again, Alastor's mouth slipping away from his to trail down his neck. Over the source of the heat, radiating this madness through his body. Vincent tipped his head back to give him access. "Please, Al?"

"You're *beautiful*," Alastor said. His hand slid from Vincent's waist to the small of his back and pulled his hips forward just enough so that every thrust sent electricity up his spine. "You're perfect, Vincent. *Perfect*."

"I'm gonna come," he whined.

But it was different this time. The pressure in his belly was sharper, almost painful as he felt Alastor's teeth brush against the scent gland on his neck. He needed – he *needed* Alastor bite down this time, to claim him, to stop pretending that he *couldn't*.

"Please, Al. Please? Please, I need you." Vincent tightened his arms around Alastor's neck, crying out at a particularly hard thrust behind him. "*Do it!*"

This time, when he came, there was no floating, no drifting along as his body went limp for a merciful few minutes before he needed more. This time, he simply stopped and darkness embraced him before he knew what was happening.

By the time he finally came back to himself, a weak, watery light struggled to break through the thin curtains in Rosie's guestroom. He felt… cool. Sore and stiff, but normal again.

Vincent shifted his weight slightly, noticing a heavy arm draped possessively over his middle.

“I don’t know if his claim will hold,” Rosie said quietly. She sat in a rocking chair on the other side of the room, a sad smile on her face. “He’s a Beta, after all. But he tried.”

Vincent raised a hand to his neck, his fingertips dragging through the dried blood he found there. “He tried?”

“He did. For you.” Rosie stood, a whisper of linen in the otherwise quiet room. “You should thank him when he wakes up. If it worked, he saved you both a lot of torment down the line.”

Yeah.

“I will.”

“Oh, and Vincent?” Vincent blinked. His body might feel how it should feel – as much as his demented television-shark man body ever did – but his brain was still struggling to catch up. He licked his lips, taking note of their dryness, and nodded. “Tell him he’s a very good boy?”

Rosie’s laughter echoed long after she left the room, leaving a wide-eyed and blushing Vincent in her wake as Alastor stirred. He tightened his grip around Vincent’s middle.

“What did she say?”

“Nothing,” Vincent said hurriedly, face burning. “She didn’t say anything.”

“Ah.” Alastor nuzzled the newly bitten scent gland on Vincent’s neck, and he melted back against the mattress. “*Good boy*, Vincent.”

Shit.

He was never going to live that down.

End Notes

CW: A/B/O dynamics with mildly dubious consent (Vox is going into heat and isn't totally with it, especially at the beginning).

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